

for a good cause by MsThing (JourneyIntoMisery)

Series: [United States of Multifandom: English Edition \[3\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Attempt at Humor, Don't Judge Me, I Don't Even Know, M/M, Post-Canon

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Max (Stranger Things), Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Steve Harrington & Max

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-06

Updated: 2017-11-06

Packaged: 2022-04-02 14:40:45

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 402

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“What am I supposed to do with Billy, anyway? What do we have in common?”

“I don't know. What guys do when you're around each other, I guess.”

Or the one in which Max asks Steve to distract Billy for a few hours.

(United States of Multifandom. Prompt 5: Fandom you never thought you'd write. Unrevised work)

for a good cause

Author's Note:

Stranger Things do not belong to me.

This is an unrevised work, so I'm sorry for my mistakes.

“What?”

Max's eyes become bigger, more pleading. “Please.” She says between teeth, a tone that makes it sound as if she is in great pain instead of just asking for a favor. “I just need you to distract him for a few hours.”

“*What?* You didn't say *hours*”

She rolls her eyes. “It's an RPG session, what did you expect?”

Steve, well, Steve didn't expect anything. Not for Max to be waiting for him next to his car, not the favor she is asking now and definitely not for an RPG session to last hours.

They just play pretend, right? Couldn't be that hard and long.

Focus, Steve.

He shakes his head as if to focus himself.

“Why me, anyway?” Yes, great question. Why him? Why is he always the one people go for this kind of thing? Why not Jonathan? Nobody asks this kind of thing to Jonathan.

“You're the closest thing to a friend for him.”

“I am?” Steve asks, surprised. Then, he shakes his head again. “No, I'm not. He hates me.”

Max rolls her eyes again. “He hates *everyone*.”

Fair point.

Steve threads his fingers through his hair, sighing to himself over this. It's a sign that he is giving in and he is sure Max knows. She smiles showing her teeth and the light that reaches her eyes is wonderful. Hopeful. Happy. Thankful.

“What am I supposed to do with Billy, anyway? What do we have in common?” How is he going to distract Billy Hargrove for a few hours without trying to kill him with his nail bat?

Max shrugs, her face showing she does not care about this part. “I don't know. What guys do when you're around each other, I guess.”

Steve looks at her as if she had grown two heads. What could her brother and he have in common, despite hating each other's guts?

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The smell of cigarettes fill his room and mingles with the smell of sex and sweat. With the door and curtains closed, it feels stiff. Steve stares at a specific point on his bed and hears Billy sigh by his side, satisfied. Can almost see him, debauched and content, in his peripheral vision. Steve's hips hurt, just like his legs, and all his body is sore. Yet it's a satisfying kind of pain he never thought he would enjoy.

Steve is pretty sure this wasn't what Max meant.

Author's Note:

Me: "Let's write Steve/The kids and cute stuff"

Brain: "No, let's write Steve/Billy"

don't judge me, i'm weak. and, omg, you guys! 100 fanfics on this site!! xhvkjbxchxb finally!

[requests open](#) ♥